

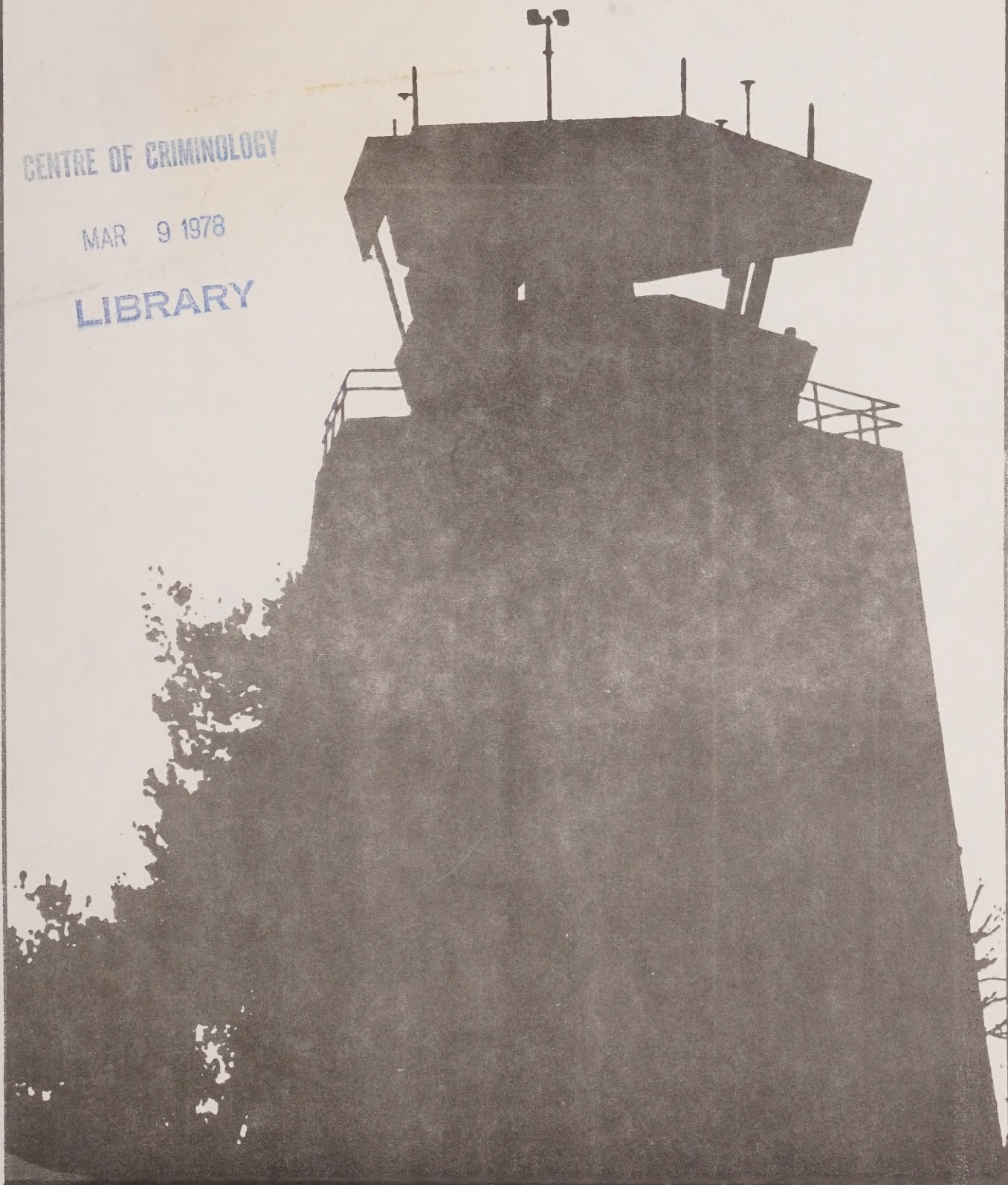
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TARPAPER

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

MAR 9 1978

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The name "Tarpaper" is derived from convict jargon and is meant to express dissatisfaction with a person place, or thing. Since the editors have never met a satisfied convict, it seems appropriate for this magazine to bear this title.

Tarpaper is published bi-monthly by the convicts of Matsqui Federal Institution. Only opinions expressed on the editorial pages are the opinions of the editorial staff. Other opinions are the view of the particular authors. The contents of the Tarpaper do not necessarily conform to the official views of either the Administration of Matsqui or the Solicitor General's Department.

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FEBRUARY 1978

VOL. 8 NO. 1

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S·P·E·C·I·A·L

a Tarnished Image

page 15.

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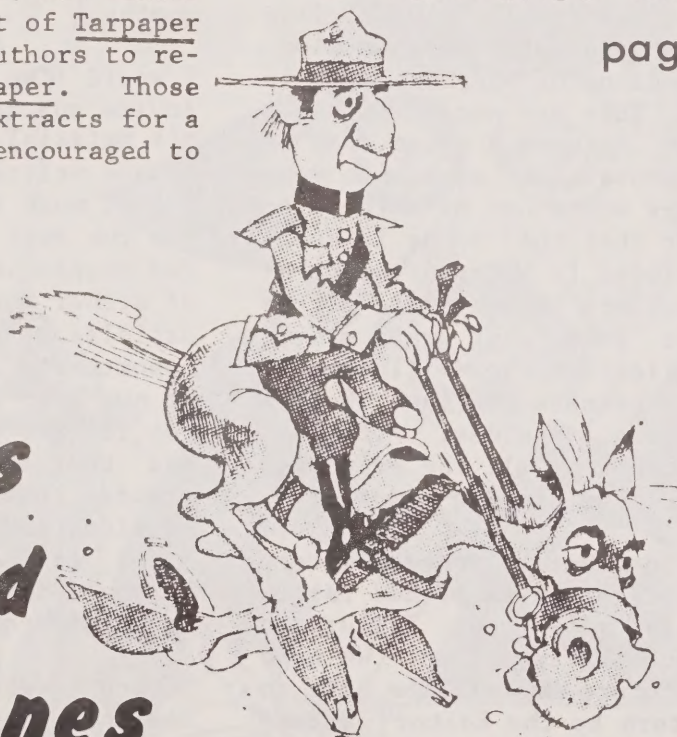
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LAYOUT

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T A P E R

RAPPIN' OFF

It has been quite some time since anyone has seen a copy of either Tarpaper or, as it was known for a while, Con Notes. We have found it necessary to return to the former name because there was too much confusion being generated as a result of the new name. Further, the name Tarpaper stood for a tradition that was established over a printing history that spanned very nearly a decade. Sentiment favored a return to the old name. The previous editor has forsaken this ship for another. In simple words that means that Jack has transferred.

We have developed a somewhat 'modified' format which we hope will be both satisfying and easy to read. Hopefully, no one need suffer eye strain any longer. As this is our first issue we have attempted to include some heavy duty reading. A special essay was written about the RCMP called the Tarnished Image. It was felt that this topic would be rather appropriate because they have found themselves with more attention than they really want. Since everyone else is taking a swipe at them, why should we be the only ones who let dying horses lie? Another, semi-scholarly article which is more or less a takeoff from a study done some time back by the editors of Psychology Today entitled "Scientific Jury Selection" also appears in this issue.

You will also find the most popular, hard to live with and impossible to live without Horrorscopes which were developed when I was editor of "Off The Wall" in Prince Albert. They may not be all that funny but they do draw a great deal of comments and prove that some must read this mag or they would not be able to so vehemently deny that the 'Scope is accurate. Also included is a feature centrefold. Although not in the style of the infamous girlie pics that grace many a successful publication, you will have to settle for it because we lack both a model and a camera. Besides, after all the years of lock-up, all the editorial staff claims to have dimming memories.

We would hope to generate renewed interest in the publication as it has fallen off dramatically after our failure to produce an issue for some time. We hope that in the future we will be able to print a "Letters to the Editor" column which might act as a forum for street ideas and opinions as well as a "Hi!, suprised to learn that you were still in print" column. We are even willing to print letters that totally disagree with our viewpoint. Even that type of letter would be a pleasant change after all of the "I paid my money but did not receive my subscription" type mail that

has been coming in for the past several months.

I would like to take this opportunity to invite anyone, and I mean anyone, to submit material for potential publication. I have written such invitations before but it must be that now that inflation has run away on the government, there are few people left who can afford the price of either the paper or the pens to write articles. It would be nice to have an opportunity to edit material. By that, I do not mean change an author's material but, rather, choose between articles to see that the best are printed. As it stands, there is a decided lack of submissions and while I do not mind writing a lot, it has crossed my mind that maybe you, the reader, would like to hear an outside opinion.

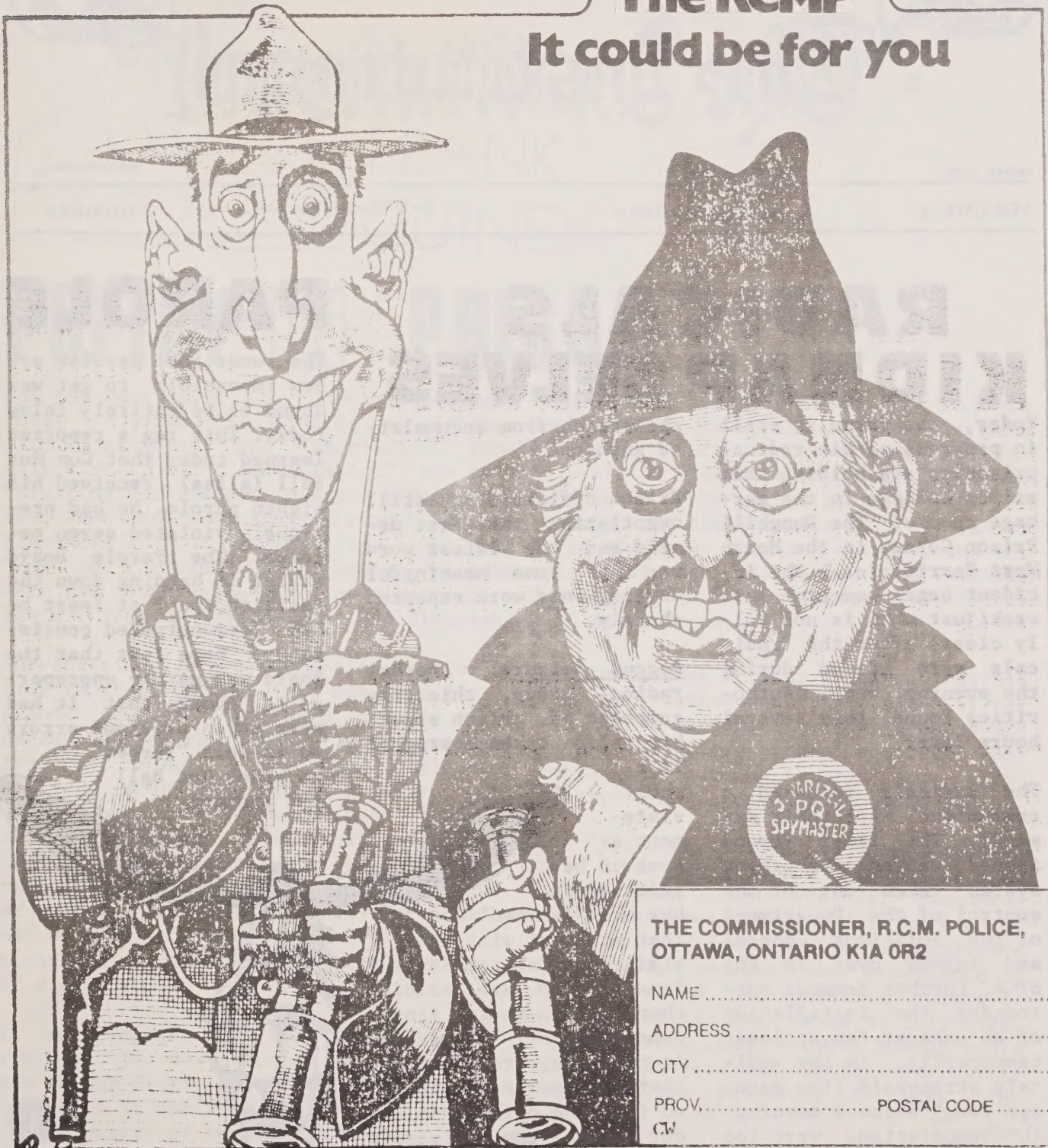
If you have a friend, relative, or someone that you hate, you might get him to subscribe to Tarpaper. We could use the money as our coffee fund is getting low. I would hope that this paper has some, even if limited, entertainment value and also maybe even causes you to stop and ponder a bit about the serious presentations. We all admit that the prison system is not what it should be.....but that seems to be as far as it goes. As

long as everyone is busy sitting back making such admissions, it is highly unlikely that anything will ever be done to improve it. The people pay for the jail system. Right now they are getting ripped off because it serves little positive value and has a number of negative

attributes. Therefore, since they are sitting back and don't seem to want to call public attention to the problems, nor demand that the politicians do something of value.....then they are getting just what they deserve for their money, - Nothing!

The RCMP

It could be for you



THE COMMISSIONER, R.C.M. POLICE,
OTTAWA, ONTARIO K1A 0R2

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DETAILS INDEX

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VOLUME 1

A weekly newsletter

E-X-C-I-T-I-N-G

NUMBER

RADICALS KIDNAP SELVES

Today, the drama is still in progress as six radical prisoners are holding themselves hostage in the garbage room of the Dunhill Prison Colony in the North West Territories. The incident began sometime last week (just when is not fully clear) after the radicals were missed during the evening count. Authorities found them several hours later.

The radicals released a communique with their demands. The first demand issued wanted the prison system taken out of the control of the Department of the Solicitor General and turned over to the SPCA. Further demands surrounded the installation of an exhaust fan, at least temporarily, in the radicals stronghold (the garbage room) because meaningful negotiations were too difficult as a result of

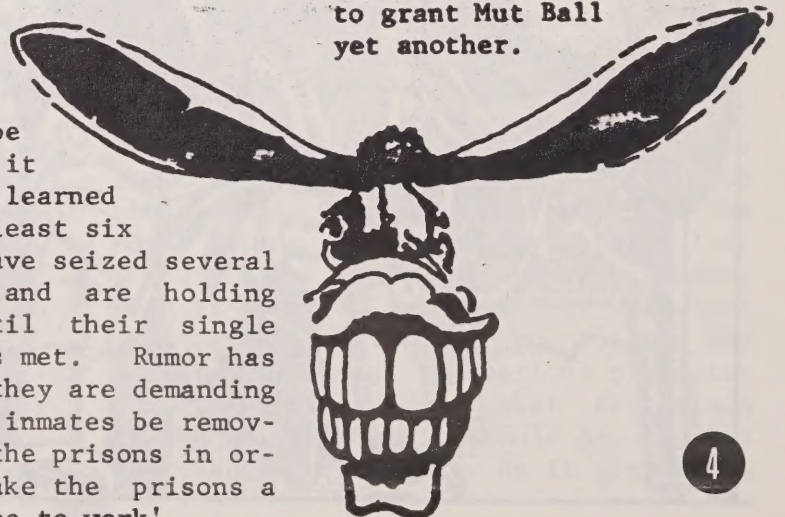
the stench from accumulated garbage.

Prison officials are still negotiating the first demand and the latest word was that some meaningful developments were expected shortly.

Second Seizure: Another radical group, this time composed of prison staff, has also taken hostages! In a short statement about to be released it has been learned that at least six staff have seized several inmates and are holding them until their single demand is met. Rumor has it that they are demanding that all inmates be removed from the prisons in order to make the prisons a safe place to work!

PAROLE

The rumor that paroles are now impossible to get was found to be entirely false today. This rag's reporter learned today that Con Mut Ball (alias) received his eighth parole. He had previously violated seven paroles. The Parole Board stated in handing down the decision that at least he had "demonstrated consistency." Some felt that the Board was merely unprepared to admit that it had made seven previous errors so it felt "forced" to grant Mut Ball yet another.





FRANK
GUINEY

POETRY IN PRISON

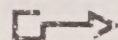
Not too many years ago, when prisons were even grimmer establishments than they are today -- when life inside was eighteen hours a day lock-up in a five-by-ten cell with no plumbing, and "recreation" consisted of a twenty minute walk in a single-file circle, and "conversation" was talking real low without moving your lips, and "visiting privileges" won you fifteen minutes once a month with a guard at your elbow, and the routine was shaved heads and lockstep and the silent system and bitter black tea and do-your-own-time, and Rule Thirty-Two made laughing a crime, and the "cat" and the paddle were regular reminders that punishment, silence, and solitude were the basic ingredients of repentance and reform -- in those days a secret literary art form was established and flourishing in our prisons,

Surreptitious in its conception and furtive in its lifetime, this bit of underground culture functioned quietly for decades behind the grey walls, spreading from cell to cell, from block to block, and from memory to memory by whispered word of mouth. It was a smidgeon of free expression, a part of man that cannot be contained by shackles and bars and concrete; it was a bit of feeling, a scrap of humour, a little release that could not be stifled by the rules and regulations and punishments and deprivations of a caged world.

It was ragged; it was rough; it was cynical; it was ironic. It was funny and it was tragic. It was love and it was hate. It was the "jailhouse ballad" -- the poetry of the men in prison.

In every sense a truly "inside" culture medium, convict poetry was often bitter and mean, because it was written by men who were often bitter and mean; but suprisingly enough, it was just as often sensitive and trenchant and beautiful.

The "jailhouse ballad" was composed only for other convicts. Seldom did the "square-john", the outsider, encounter a real jailhouse poem, and if he did, he could rarely feel or fully comprehend its impact, because the experience of the poem could not possibly relate to anything within his frame of reference. Convict irony and convict humour would go over his head and convict sensitivity would fail to penetrate his heart. The



joke, the tragedy, the understanding, was ours alone, written between the lines, unspoken, subsurfaced -- much on the manner we live our lives; much like the expressionless faces we showed to our keepers.

What outsider could fully understand:

Don't get downhearted, young fellow,
Because you don't get any mail;
The girls soon forget you are living,
They can't use a Daddy in jail.
Oh, they'll cry
And they'll say that they love you
And swear they'll be true to the end
But the girl that don't bolt
When you're doing a jolt,
Is one-in-a-million, my friend....

Sure, the surface message expressed in those understated anonymous lines is obvious --- especially to anyone who has been a loser in the love game - but only another prisoner could fully appreciate the gut-wrenching agony and despair alluded to by the unknown writer. Whoever he was, he knew exactly how to probe at a most sensitive and vulnerable place in a prisoner's heart, with precisely the right mixture of irony, humour, and poignancy.

To anyone who has "done a jolt", that little stanza conjures the whole painful story -- a story of hope and good intentions and resolutions and love and longing and broken promises; of clinging desperately to a bit of solidity in a sea of loneliness; of predicating your whole life on faith in another. It's a story of rose-coloured glasses and starry eyes shining through wire mesh screen, eyes alight with the often mistaken optimism that love conquers all. And it's the grinding, frustrating, soul killing story of the frailty of the human condition when the inexorable, debilitating crush of time tests its slender underpinnings. It's a story of bitterness and tears and insanity; of slashed wrists and hanging bodies; of a broken dream and broken men; of a shrunken world of helplessness and despair... three paces long and an arm-stretch wide.

Its an unwritten story directed to other prisoners in other five-by-tens in other

endless nights.

-- That was the Old prison poetry --
for prisoners only.

How many square-johns ever heard of "The Ballad of Morphine Bill", or "The Dope Fiends Convention" or "Three Way May"? Or the multitude of verses scratched on the walls of holding jails across the country?

These were the real jailhouse ballads of yesterday, composed behind bars, committed to memory, and repeated in the sweat shops and work gangs for the appreciative ears of contemporaries....when the "bull" wasn't looking. If the ballads were good, they endured, were passed on, and they eventually spread from coast to coast, handed down through generations of prisoners.

But the poems remained within the bounds of the prison subculture and the "rounder element".

Once in a while an exceptional talent would attempt to "bust out", to tell it the way it is, to try to communicate in the language of the real world; or occasionally, as in England, the rare genius of an Oscar Wilde might be thrust into the mysterious, distorted half-life of prison existence, taste of the bitterness, and then try to convey the stupefying horror of the caged and the damned to those who cannot know.

But even then, given the genius of Wilde I wonder how many people of his time could reach deep enough into The Ballad of Reading Goal to smell the disinfectant and the fear, to hear the echo of clanking steel and the eery moans of tortured sleep, to feel the real hunger-ache in a man looking up from the dankness of a concrete pit -- for "that little patch of blue that prisoners call the sky".

We knew. Because that kind of prison was part of our lives. And you can believe it: there are still Reading Goals in this country.

Things are changing, of course, ever so

slowly. Penitentiaries and jails are mostly unwieldy monsters that seldom lend themselves easily to enlightenment and new concepts, but the prison secret, the isolated, inviolate mystery of yesterday has been breached, and there are ever widening leaks in the concrete curtain.

Prison poetry has changed with the times. Part of the reason is likely because pencils, pens, and paper are no longer scarce bits of contraband, and the old oral tradition is no longer necessary to the preservation and dissemination of the poems. As a result, few prison poems are written in the style and form of the original jailhouse ballads. Prisoners today explore a much wider range of expression in their poetry.

Perhaps a more significant factor in this change is the increased contact that today's prisoners maintain with the outside world. Communication is still severely limited in many prisons, of course, but even the most backward maximum security penitentiary in existence today allows visiting and writing privileges that would have boggled the minds of old-timers. With this limited medium of expression and communication on the increase, jailhouse poetry began to take on a new look back in the 1950's.

Prisoners who cared about such things came to realize that the feelings and ideas they expressed on paper would now be read by people unfamiliar with the prison ethic, and that these feelings and ideas might even be important to some outsiders.

So prisoners still write poetry; but its scope has widened, taken on new tones. Just as prisons are not as mysterious as they were thirty years ago -- or even ten years ago, neither is prison poetry.

And it may be that outsiders understand more and listen a bit closer and even care a little.

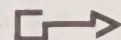
But the poetry of the prisons still retains a certain uniqueness, and is an art form in its own right. The form and styles are not as distinctive and easily recognizable as the old jailhouse ballads but most of them contain a flavour and spirit by which they can be identified -- at least, by other prisoners.

Yesterday's jailhouse ballads are fast disappearing. No one memorizes them now. Maybe somewhere, some place, someone has compiled a collection of them for posterity; or perhaps some old lag or lifer has a few tucked away in the dusty obsolescence of his memory -- but for the most part they are probably lost forever buried under layers of paint in city lock-ups or laid to rest in unmarked graves in the shadow of the Wall.

The collection here, of course, is mostly of a contemporary bent, with just a smattering attempt at the old anonymous write-em-on-the-wall type, but maybe -- hopefully -- some vestige of the old spirit survives.

And if the ghosts of yesterday's legion of unknown unsung jailhouse poets are peering over my shoulder tonight, I can only ask their forgiveness for a woeful ineptness in trying to do what they would have done much differently.

I'm sure they would understand; because there is something about a prison cell that awakens in almost everyone a craving for expression, a need to communicate (if only with one's self); an urge to spill out the pinpointed, polarized emotion of the moment.....in one way or another.



Give any prisoner a stub of a pencil, a scrap of paper, and an empty swelling ache in his chest, and something truly genuine and beautiful could someday emanate from that five-by-ten he lives in. There's steel and concrete in there and a toilet. There's some bloody history and a multitude of sad memories; there are three walls that "steal the light and give back nothing in return"; but there is also a very human being in there, with a heart, with a soul -- and with at least a few of the saving qualities of mankind.

Some of us still recall a piece of free verse (no pun intended) which circulated

through British Columbia Penitentiary about twenty years ago. Its origin and its author are unknown to this writer but its message, certainly, will be forever contemporary. Maybe that particular jailhouse poet summed up what we are all trying to say ... in one way or another:

See that guy over there?

That's me.

If you don't believe me

Go and ask him

But don't be suprised

If he says he's you.

B.C.P. September 13 th, 1976

- Two weeks before

THAT year's riot.

re-possessed cadillac

a chicago block
and straight-last shoes
arabian drapes
and rose tattcoes
and one on your arm
said Born To Lose

and the top o' the line
was bennies and booze...

life's a bummer ain't it?

a clever dude
and a real hep gee
with your windsor roll
and twenty-inch knee
a couple o' jolts
in b.c.p.

was muthin' to a stepper
as you can see

but life's a bummer ain't it?

you had all your teeth
and your hair was black
a girl at Vi's
and one in the sack
why you even drove a cadillac

sure be nice
to have it all back...

but life's a bummer ain't it?

fix on an eighth
of drug store stuff
and a fin to score
was never too tough
even with a habit
it wasn't too rough

but nowadays
there's never enough

life's a bummer ain't it?

your teeth's all gone
an' most o' your hair
your liver's shot
but who's to care
you'll be goin' out soon
but you don't know where
if you had a home
there'd be nobody there...

life's a bummer ain't it?

it's twenty-odd years
since straight-last shoes
arabian drapes
and bennies and booze
but you're still hangin' on
to your rose tattooes

and the one that says
just

Born to Lose

Life's a bummer, ain't it?

FALL ASSIZES

Two guys
arguing
about the radio
the guy
who blasted
his wife's liver out
last week
because
he suddenly realized
she owned
half his life

wants quiet

and the kid
who put six inches
of cold hunting knife
into a warm chest
for
thirty-five dollars
a charges kard
and the loan of a car
says fuck you
turn it up
he needs noise
to hear the music

his young ears
are accustomed to it

the widower
rips the wires off the wall
rips the speaker off the wall
the kid screams
like it was him
ripped off the wall

next morning
only one murderer
appeared in court

according to the radio

which was
right back up there
on the wall

like
always



SLIM PICKINS

When it's night-time on the skid-road
Round Cordova Street and Powell,
Then from the darkened doorway
Comes Slim Pickins on the prowl...

The coppers never see Him,
He's much too quick and sly,
But the dope-fiends, rubs, and prostitutes
Will meet Him, by and by.

He slips into the alleyways
Where drunkards sometimes lie;
He finds 'em by the shadowed walls
Where drunkards sometimes die.

A whisper on a musty stair,
Soft footsteps down the hall,
Cold fingers brush a hollow cheek,
Old Slim has come to call.

Sleep on, sleep on, young dope-fiend,
Your race is all but run;
You saw but sixteen summers --
Tomorrow, you'll see none...

Old wino in a doorway,
Crumpled, lifeless heap;
Slim has finally got you
And you sold out pretty cheap.

Oblivion in a bottle,
With goofballs, five or six --
You must have known, Old Timer,
That wine and pills don't mix...

And here a four-and-twenty whore,
All bloody in a bed;
She thought she had a customer --
Slim Pickins came instead...

Oh, He's never short of prospects,
He'll seek 'em out somewheres --
In the sour smell of piss and puke,
In hallways, on the stairs...

And those that ain't quite ready,
Why Slim don't even try --
Tomorrow night's another night,
And He'll get 'em, by and by.



You folk along the skid-road,
You know you just can't cheat --
Old Slim is still the Dealer,
And you're on Slim Pickins' beat...

The coppers never see Him,
He's much to quick and sly;
But the dope-fiends, rubs, and prostitutes
Will meet Him, by and by.

'Cause He's

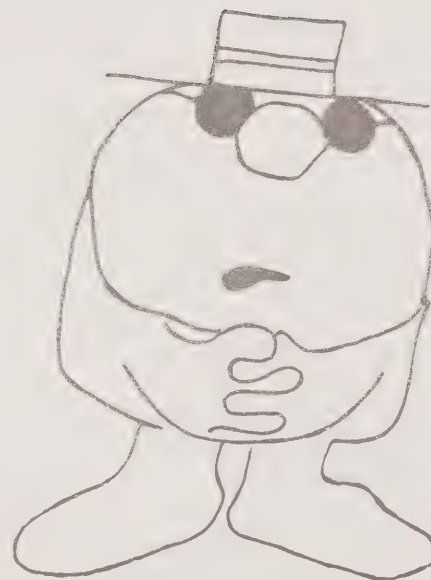
An icy wind on Hastings Street;
He's a shadow in the rain;
He's a slug in a jug of baysie rum;
He's a thought in a fevered brain;
He's the shabby hope in a cap of dope;
He's a love that withered and died;
He's oblivion bought if you don't get caught;
He's goddamit-to-hell-I-tried;

He's a boot to the head in the city jail;
He's too many bridges burned;
He's the up-too-tight, can't-sleep-at-night,
Of too little, too late returned;

He's the sordid gloom of a two-buck room,
And you can feel Him waitin' near --
A piece of the night just out of sight,
A gut full of nameless fear...

And just before the mornin' grey
Pre-empt's the night-time sky,
It just may be that you (or me)
Have found a place to die...

The coppers never see Him,
He's much to quick and sly;
But you Rounders and you Workin' girls,
You'll meet him, by and by...



Dear Warden

REQUEST: new mirror

REASON: tired eyes

YOUR REQUEST IS: refused

REASON: all our mirrors
have tired eyes

O. D.

I hear
she died face-down on a wet sidewalk
in a west coast city
while a cold November drizzle
dampened her soft brown hair
and the grimy concrete
pressed an obscene kiss
to her white cheek.

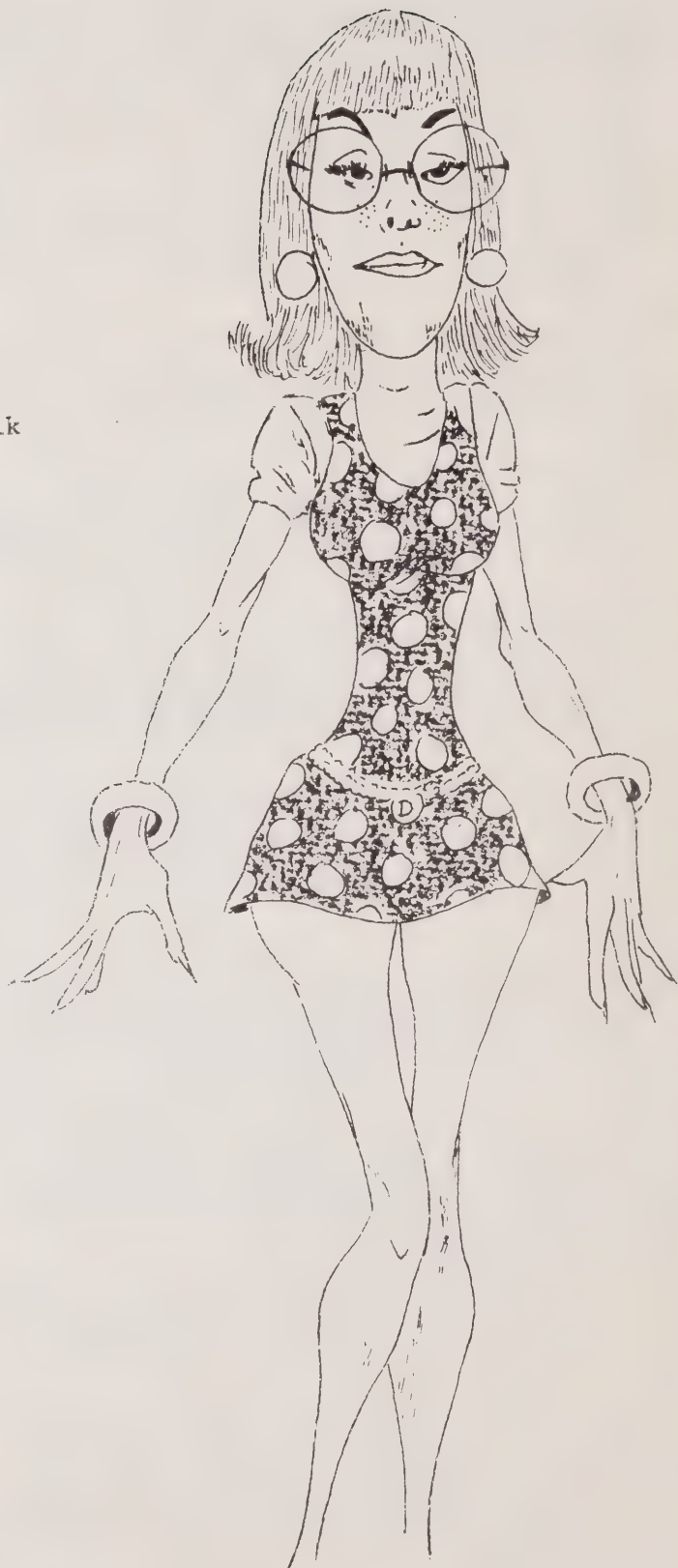
They wouldn't call the inhalator
because inhalators
bring cops
and questions
and search warrants

So they said
for chris' sake
get her out of here
the fresh air
will bring her to

and they took her
down the street
and she died

On a wet sidewalk
in a west coast city
she died

She was just somebody
I loved
for a little while.



I'VE BEEN TO THE FAIR

I looked at the jaws of the Reaper,
I smelled of the stink of his breath;
I had me a glimpse of his bottomless eyes,
Sniffed the fetid foulness of death.

I've been where madness beckoned,
Felt sanity teeter and slip,
Where maniacal laughter crowded my throat --
But only curses passed my lips.

I've felt my skin turn outside-in,
And my gut was a twisted knot
As I lay on the floor by a blue steel door
And the keeper peeped in the slot...

In the green-sick hell of a black-hole cell
Where human dignity dies,
The bolt slid back and opened a crack
And I saw those contemptuous eyes

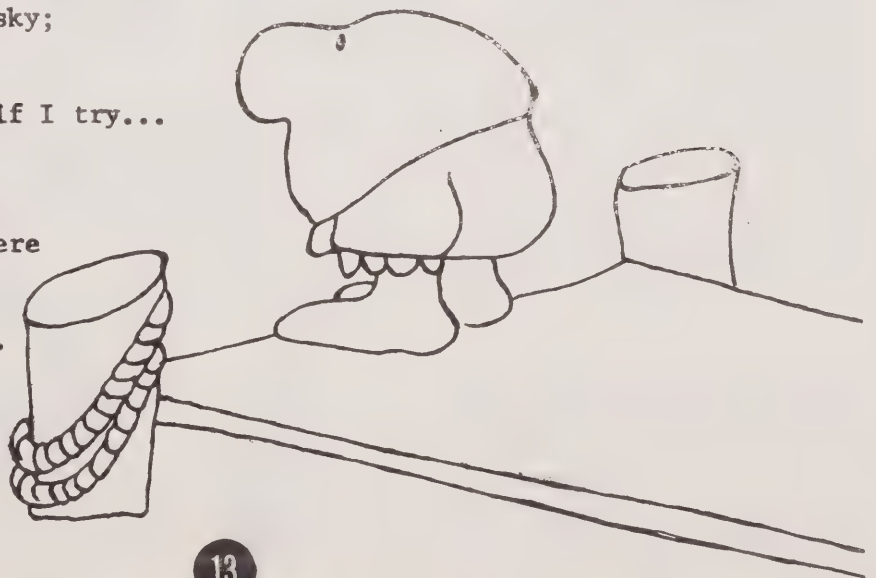
As I lay on the floor by that blue steel door
And retched till the bile came red,
Consumed by a hate for the Keeper --
And God, how I wished him dead.

I plotted the Keeper's murder,
Stopped a heartbeat short of the deed,
For the thinnest thread of reason
Linked the mind, the root, and the seed...

The keeper lives; and so do I,
Though we skirted the edge of death,
For I looked at the jaws of the Reaper,
And I smelled of the stink of his breath.

Now the sun feels warm upon my back,
I can see the blue of the sky;
I can walk upright,
And sleep at night,
And the air smells clean, if I try...

But it don't mean a thing,
There's still a brass ring
On a merry-go-round somewhere
And the Keeper and me,
We both can see
Another trip to the Fair...



TO DIE TESTATE

In a walk-up on Cordova Street
They found him, stiff and cold:
Just another derelict,
Alone, unmourned, and old...

They wondered for a breath or two
At the sardonic smile he wore --
And then they found his testament
Where it had fallen on the floor.

His will was left unwitnessed
But it's never been contested...
Its wording was as follows,
As in it, he requested:

"The cash within my pockets,"
(A dollar-sixty-three)
"To be given to the first old bum
On skid row that you see;

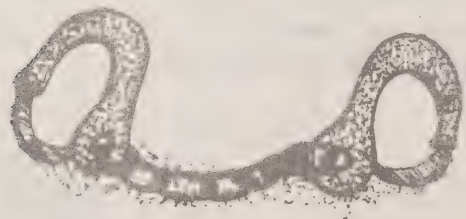
"My worn and shabby topcoat,
though not my taste in cloth,
I leave, if he will have it,
To some undernourished moth;

"My Massey-Harris pocket watch
I leave to Judge McGee --
Lord knows, he was most liberal
With the time he gave to me --

"And to my 'faithful' relatives,
I leave, with no regrets,
The sole responsibility
Of paying all my debts;

"These broken shoes to some young fool
Who's bound to follow me;
Tell him of the steps I took,
How I died a real hip gee ...

"To the undertaker goes the gold
Inside my left incisor;
Then half my body for the worms,
The rest for fertilizer."





~~"WE ALWAYS GET OUR MAN"~~

"IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM"



A TARNISHED IMAGE

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police was incorporated as the North West Mounted Police in 1873. The stated purpose of the NWMP at the time was to: "patrol the frontier, collect customs, prevent whiskey trading, and generally maintain law and order."¹ During the past 105 years the RCMP have acquired a reputation second to none among world police organizations. It is my intention to present a discussion on the shortcomings of this force during the last 45 years. Due to the limits of time, space, and unbiased reference material, I have chosen to concentrate on the political aspirations and actions of the force, and secondly, upon the methods employed by the force in dealing with its members who commit illegal acts.

At this point in time I feel it necessary to impart the reason for my choice of these limited goals. In the course of researching this paper, I have had great difficulty in obtaining truly unbiased material. Most historical material on the RCMP has been gleaned from RCMP sources and therefore fails to present any form of multidimensional point of view. With the exception of An Unauthorized History of the RCMP by Lorne and Caroline Brown, the material has been, to a great extent, a scholarly at-

One law for all

Many Canadians think that Parliament — and, perhaps, the media — is paying too much attention to the RCMP and the security service. Yet the stories continue to fill the newspapers, magazines, and take up a large chunk of airtime on TV and CBC radio.

This is not due to some conspiracy to get the RCMP. It's happening because three principles which form the basis of the kind of political life which most of us prefer — and which we would defend at some length — seem to be under attack at the present time. The remarks of Liberal cabinet ministers, and particularly those of Prime Minister Trudeau, have shown that they place less importance than they should on the concepts of the rule of law, ministerial responsibility and the right to privacy.

An adequate definition of these ideas would take too much space at the present time, but for now we could say that they mean these things: The law must be obeyed by everyone in the land; ministers are responsible to Parliament for the actions of their departments; personal details of individual lives should not be public property.

Failures to sustain these ideas, the winking at actions which evade the responsibility imposed by these concepts — these acts may bring temporary political advantage, even adulation from some. But the consequences of ignoring them or even actively promoting their destruction are too serious to be overlooked.

That is why the action of the Ontario government, which has now announced its own inquiry into the activities of the RCMP in Ontario, is so interesting and illuminating.

There were reports that personal medical details were given by the Ontario hospital insurance plan to the RCMP for use in undercover work. Some reports stated that the information was used only to assist the police keep track of suspects. Others maintained that the medical details were used as part of a "dirty tricks" operation — they were used to discredit persons among their colleagues.

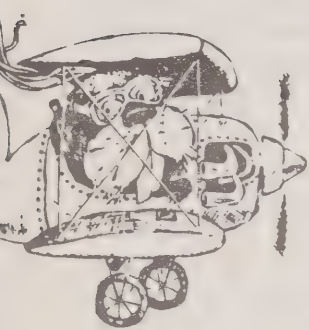
The first response of some Ontario government politicians was similar to that of Mr. Trudeau. The police are protecting us all. If they want this kind of information, then they should have it. Then minister after minister started to think about the consequences of that attitude. And the retreat began. They realized that, as things stood, there was apparently one law for the RCMP, another for anyone else. They, as ministers, either did not know about the giving out of personal medical details, or did not want to accept the responsibility for the disclosures. They realized, too, that a privacy once regarded as absolute was absolute no longer.

And so Ontario is planning an inquiry into the relationship between its medical plan and the RCMP. It may be that the inquiry will recommend that the law be changed and that it is in the best interest of all of us that the RCMP, or a security service, be entitled, under safeguards, to have access to medical records. If that's the case, then the RCMP and the medical officials will be acting within the law. The minister will be responsible to the legislature and, although privacy will be breached, the breach will be under legal control and abuses can be prosecuted.

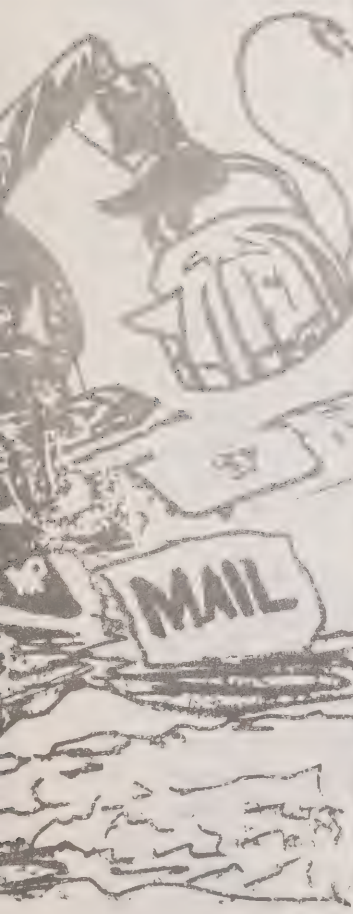
"IMPORTANT, WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A YOUNG, BUT SURPRISINGLY WELL DEVELOPED THREAT TO OUR NATIONAL SECURITY!"



How to end parole



da 12c



Solicitor General Francis Fox is on record as saying the traditional concept of rehabilitation has failed and that, despite changes over the past 15 years, there has been no significant drop in the recidivism rate, the crime rate or in the number of people in jail.

B.C. Provincial Court Judge Les Bewley has gone one step further by saying that parole is absolutely useless as a system of rehabilitation and should be scrapped.

Judge Bewley will be accused of taking an extreme position. But abolition of parole might well be a reasonable option if it were to be part of a new approach to crime in general, one in which fewer people would be sent to prison in Canada and more imaginative alternatives to jail would be employed, especially for less serious, non-violent offences.

Canada still sends too many people to prison. Our jails are bulging and the penal system is constantly in turmoil. Yet most sociologists now believe that rehabilitation doesn't work inside prison. If an inmate wants to turn his life around he will do so out of self-motivation. If he doesn't, no rehabilitation program will ever make him change.

As for parole, the argument has been that when only four to eight out of every 100 parolees return to crime, early reduction of prison sentences is justified. But a truer test is whether the parolees stay off crime when their period of supervision is over. By that measure, the rate of return to crime is between 75 and 78 per cent. Among prisoners who complete their full sentences it is about 80 per cent. Therefore it can be argued that parole makes little difference.

In this context Mr. Bewley's assertion that parole doesn't offer much hope for rehabilitation seems far more persuasive than Mr. Fox's hint that it is only the traditional concepts of parole that are at fault. By Mr. Fox's own admission, the

changes in the concepts over the last 15 years have not altered the experience of crime in one iota.

Besides, the parole system in this country is too often at odds with the judiciary. It may be true that, when deciding how to sentence him, a judge can only deal with the prisoner before him and the circumstances surrounding the case. The parole board views the prisoner after he has had a dose of prison life and may judge the sentence to have been too harsh. The purpose of parole, which is to make a better person of the criminal and thus oversee his return to society, seems so often at odds with the function of the judge, which is to protect society as well as to punish crime.

But if parole were to be abolished the judges would have to take a new look at the extent to which prison should be used in protecting society. Would society be protected by lumping violent and non-violent criminals together in the jails? Are the jail sentences longer than they need be?

Mr. Justice Patrick Hall, head of the Law Reform Commission of Canada, has said the law is a sledgehammer "we should use no more than necessary." Our large prison population suggests that it is sometimes used that way too often.

Prison should be reserved for only the worst offenders. Violent criminals should be rigorously segregated from the non-violent. Perhaps even longer sentences would be appropriate for the most dangerous.

For the others, judges should have a wide range of options available to them for the punishment of crime — restitution in the case of thefts or burglaries, periods of unpaid civic service in others, social supervision for others while they continue working and providing for their families.

With that approach, parole often surely and productively be removed.

tempt to perpetuate an image of the force that I find wholly unacceptable. On the other hand, if I were to rely on the Browns too much, I would in essence be presenting only a paraphrased version of their thesis. Therefore, I have relied mostly on personal experience (mine and others), investigative journalism, and private sources. Perhaps this lack of reliance on the printed word will, in fact, be beneficial to a paper of this nature, at it will provide a point of view not usually found in scholarly endeavor. By this, I mean the viewpoint of one who has been directly affected by the internal workings of the RCMP.

Leaving historical questions aside, recent events have done much to illuminate the true workings of our national police force. From 1972 to the present, there have been many events that have shattered the "virgin image" attributed to the force. For example, in the August 1972 issue of Maclean's Magazine there appeared an article written by ex-corporal Jack Ramsay which contained the statement: "Any member with 10 years experience has learned to lie skillfully- you lie first to survive; then as fear and guilt blunt conscience, to get ahead." 2 Ramsay's statement did little to affect the image of the RCMP as they were firmly in the midst of a wave of popular sentiment on the eve of their centennial. This perhaps is a major problem with Canada's national police force. While it is quite possible that the RCMP is one of the best police forces in the world, even in the midst of scathing indictments which often have a ring of truth to them, the Mounties come out smelling like roses due to public apathy or biased reporting. If proper investigations, preferably public, had been conducted at the outset of knowledgeable criticism, then, quite possibly events such as the following might not have been perpetrated. After the force's centennial in 1973 when the public was so inundated with pro-RCMP propaganda that criticism would have fallen on deaf ears, a whole string of events occurred that left the "virgin" image shattered.

In July 1974 one Constable Robert Samson employed in the RCMP's anti-terrorist squad in Quebec was injured while planting a bomb at the home of a Montreal supermarket executive. The force was notably quiet about the incident, claiming that Samson was merely an overzealous member who made a personal decision to plant the bomb. While it is neither the time nor the place to claim that the

action was a conspiracy designed to enhance the force's power by drawing public attention to the need for such an anti-terrorist squad, the possibility is evident, and a thorough public investigation should have been instigated. None was, and the incident blew over with little incrimination to the RCMP.

In October of 1976, an inquiry was held in Nova Scotia into alleged persecution of one Dr. Ross MacInnis, a small-town M.D. It seems that MacInnis had once signed a committal order against a Mountie and as such, had incurred the extreme displeasure of the force. In addition to criminal investigations which failed to stand up in court, MacInnis was subjected to break-ins, various forms of harassment, and even electronic eavesdropping. That the RCMP would resort to such methods in order to obtain a crude form of vengeance upon "a square John" citizen who had wronged them is, to my mind, indicative of the pettiness of a police force charged with the protection of the nation as a whole. The use of public funds and resources to pursue a personal vendetta is an action which requires severe investigation and censure. However, here again, the force managed to keep publicity minimal and the issue blew over seemingly unheeded.

From July 1977 to the present a series of disclosures has occurred which once again brings the force into the shaded limelight. Most of these events have been political in nature with the headline events being the recent break-ins at the Parti Quebecois headquarters in Montreal. It has been alleged that the RCMP obtained computer tapes of all Parti Quebecois members and sympathizers. If this bears out in the upcoming inquiry one would have to wonder to what sinister purpose this information will be used. Great shades of Watergate, it

seems that the RCMP have learned their trade from the FBI and CIA in America, who have long experience in using their power to secure friendship from political leaders and sympathetic agencies.

It requires note at this time that the foregoing events are not the first instances of the RCMP dallying where they don't belong, i.e. politics. In their An Unauthorized History of the RCMP, Lorne and Caroline Brown devote several chapters to the RCMP's involvement in political affairs. In chapter 6, "Fascism, Communism and the RCMP Quarterly", the authors make the following statement "It is in the interests of the rich and powerful in any society in which they exist to perpetuate the prevailing system. The last resort and crudest instruments of these groups in a democracy are the military and police forces."³ While the RCMP may be the last resort to these right-wing technocratic leaders, they are by far an "un-crude" instrument in carrying out this type of assignment. The Security and Intelligence Branch (S & I)

have been an important part of the RCMP since its inception. Throughout this branch's history have been cases of "irregular" procedures to maintain ideological preferences of the ruling powers. The historical trends indicate that the RCMP have been very effective in keeping foreign political ideologies out of Canada. The foremost example of this form of law enforcement can be seen in the RCMP's battle with Communism. The official organ of the RCMP, the RCMP Quarterly, provides us with an insight to the ideological beliefs of the force. As early as the 1930's this publication has carried on an unending propaganda campaign against Communist influences. From the January 1937 issue of the quarterly, we find a reprint of a speech given by Col. C. Edgett in Vancouver on Oct. 15, 1937. As the Browns point out, while the "views" expressed in the speech are not precisely RCMP official policy, they are somewhat indicative of general political leanings: "After lambasting those



KIT PARADE

'preachers, teachers, and editors' of British Columbia who advocated 'sympathy for the Reds,' Edgett proceeded to describe World Communism as a part of a Jewish conspiracy dating back to the 18th century, a main purpose of which was to destroy 'all cherished feelings of patriotism or nationalism or race conscience'." That such a racist piece of anti-democratic blasphemy could be published in an RCMP-edited magazine can help to explain the type of thinking evident in the 1930's hierarchy. If the political beliefs were somewhat inflexible, then one can only wonder what type of action followed in the wake of such beliefs.

The start of WWII gave the RCMP a "carte blanche" in their handling of political questions. Granted, a country involved in a war would have to resort to strong internal measures to maintain national security. However, the RCMP overreacted to the existing conditions and a number of police-political fiascos ensued. Also, if the actions taken by the RCMP were wholly directed against the enemy, some justification for them could be accepted. This was not the case in that one of the prime targets of the force was the Communists, who after 1941 were our wartime allies.

The suppression of Communists became a prime concern of the RCMP during the post-war years. The USA, under the auspices of McCarthyism, began a public programme to wipe out Communism during the 1950's. While not trying to praise this dark period in American history, I do find it laudable in that the "red baiting" was public and that those who were affected by it were given the opportunity to defend themselves. Canadians, however, were not given this chance during the RCMP's reign of terror over Commies. Instead of going public like their American counterparts, the RCMP preferred utmost secrecy in their work.

The ultimate definition of 'public safety' or 'safety of the state' quite often rested in the hands of the RCMP. Given such sweeping power, the RCMP reacted quickly. The results of these powers can be seen in the treatment of some Ca-

nadian citizens in May of 1946: "...thirteen persons were seized and detained by plainclothes officers of the RCMP, rushed to the RCMP barracks in an Ottawa suburb and held there, with no charge made against them and with no opportunity to communicate with counsel, for periods ranging from two and one-half weeks to six weeks.....these people were not even allowed to see their nearest relatives for more than 17 days."6

While wholesale roundups were not usual RCMP procedure, the evidence indicates that they were used in extreme cases. For the most part, the RCMP preferred to act covertly and the results were quite often deadly. If, for example, the RCMP felt that a particular person was a danger to the State, then an exhaustive security check would be initiated. Such an investigation would delve into the individual's past in great detail in a way completely "incongruous" with any right to privacy statutes. Once an incriminating or perceived incriminatory piece of evidence was uncovered, the individual would be classed as a security risk. The next step would be to pay a quiet call to that person's employer and if the person was employed by the government, his firm handled Government contracts, or that firm was sympathetic to Government policies, then in most cases, that person would find himself suddenly not only unemployed but also unemployable. This type of practice was and probably still is widespread and the resulting ruination of careers and lives cannot be estimated without access to RCMP files. As might be expected, these files of the S & I Branch are shielded, from public scrutiny. Small wonder, for if revelations of this practice had been evident during the period of their greatest use, then the RCMP might not have the image it holds today.

A final point of concern for this narrative lies in the area of criminal investigation. The official motto of the RCMP is "Maintain the Right." Events of recent years, however, tend to indicate that a more apt slogan might be "Maintain the Image" (at all costs). One of the costs may be the forfeiture of society's right to prosecute RCMP crimes

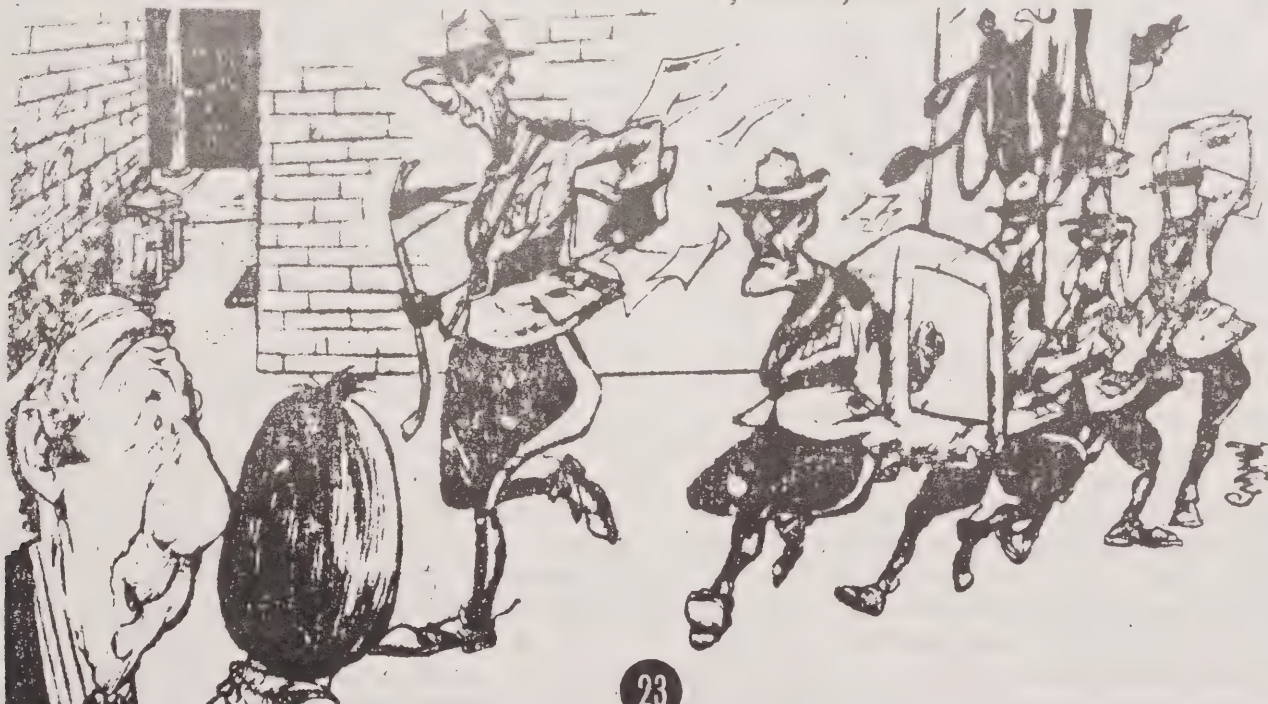
ing. Worth noting is the fact that Hunt did not go on national television to deny any of the original allegations made against him. He simply said enough about past performances of unnamed members of the drug squad to cause considerable consternation if the statements were true. One inference may be that the publicity attendant to his dismissal only scratched the surface of a deeper conspiracy which was in operation prior to his and Kinlock's exposure. The sources maintained that Hunt was simply taking out an insurance policy on his future. It may have been that he either feared for his life or his continued freedom. They hint that the ex-corporal may have provided for the release of explosive material if anything untowards happened to him. If so, the continued good health and well-being of Mr. Hunt may presently be of prime concern to his former associates.

The third and final case of "misguided Mounties" concerns no less than Chief Superintendent Donald Cobb who was suspended from the force in May, 1977, for his part in the A.P.L.Q. break-in. As this was the first instance of concrete proof of extensive RCMP involvement in illegal activities right up to senior administrators, one might have expected serious action on the part of courts to

curb such activities. This, however, was not the case and in June, 1977, Cobb received an unconditional discharge which allowed him to regain control of the S. and I. Branch on Quebec. In effect, the courts gave their blessing to the use of convicted criminals as senior RCMP officials. It is worth noting that when ex-Solicitor General Francis Fox, recently implicated in forgery, was questioned about these events he referred to them as "an exceptional and isolated event."

In the final analysis, these exceptional and isolated events are becoming rather common for the R.C.M.P.

1. William & Nora Kelly, The RCMP, A Century of History, Hurtig, 1973, p. 16.
2. Maclean's Magazine, August 1972, p.13.
3. Lorne and Caroline Brown, An Unauthorized History of the RCMP, Lorimer and Company, Edmonton, 1973, page 79.
4. Ibid., page 81.
5. Ibid., page 88.
6. Ibid., page 88.
7. Letter from Warren Allmand, Solicitor General to a Vancouver lawyer, dated 29 July, 1975.
8. Ibid.
9. The Vancouver Sun, January 13, 1975. See also: Vancouver Sun, November 1, 2, 3, and 4, 1977.





SCIENTIFIC JURY SELECTION

During the past ten years, some significant steps towards more acquittals have taken place in the United States. The trials in question have been highly publicized and most people felt that, inasmuch as they were "significant" to the state, the people charged would very likely be convicted and locked away for long periods of time. Yet, in spite of millions of dollars that the Govt. spent trying to convict, acquittals were returned in each case. These cases include: John Mitchell, former Attorney General; the Harrisburg Seven, better known for the firebrand Philip Berrigan; the defendants at Wounded Knee; and the Chicago Seven. Angela Davis also fits into this category. All of these cases had a number of shared attributes. First, they drew a lot of public attention. Second, most involved conspiracy which, in the United States is more difficult to prosecute than in Canada. And finally, in all of these cases, the Govt. spent enormous sums of money in a futile attempt to gain convictions.

There is one additional point which unites these cases. None of the accused were convicted of a serious offence. Why.....? Each one of these trials was able to generate enough public interest that it was possible for the defendants to get vital financial backing, most often in the form of donations. This money made it possible to hire the nation's best attorneys and to utilize teams of social scientists to determine a number of variables such as 1) the public's attitude, and 2) statistical indications as to how certain people were likely to react if they were to be members of the jury. Why is that so great? Mainly because of the enormous sums of money that were necessary to make this type of defence possible. Normally, defence costs may be measured in hundreds or thousands of dollars. When this is compared to the millions that the Govt. has at its disposal, it would seem self evident that the odds favor the Govt. Money speaks. Money speaks very loudly when it comes to de-

termining who will be sent to prison and who will not. The rich men hit the street and the poor men serve extra time to compensate for rich men springing.

Where does this lead? Fact: No accused who has had the benefit of a "scientifically selected" jury has ever been convicted of a serious offence. This phenomenon, if you wish to call it that, has threatened to revolutionize the justice system in the United States. The loudest screams have been coming from the U. S. Attorneys and the various prosecution departments. They claim that many guilty (sic) persons are thus able to gain their freedom because of an unfair advantage. They further suggest that inasmuch as social scientists are about to measure a) prevailing attitude, b) personal perceptual distortions, c) public biases, and d) the likelihood of any individual jury member voting one way or the other - defence teams are able to distort the facts in such a manner as to present the defendants in the most favorable light. And, once more, we might wish to question what's wrong with this. It seems that the Govt. is extremely offended by the possibility that an innocent defendant might be made to look less guilty than the Govt. would like the jury to believe. In other words, the Govt. is screaming FOUL because defence teams have been able to counteract the normal dismal picture painted by the prosecution propaganda machine.

In many cases, the evidence is not altogether indicative of who is to blame and to what extent. In the past, the Govt. has relied heavily upon bad publicity most often in the form of newspaper reports, in order to obtain convictions where the evidence is not airtight. Thus, "the benefit of the doubt" seems to go to the Govt. While, in principle the law ensuring reasonable doubt was intended to protect the innocent, the tide appears to have turned. Modern forms of jury selection favour the Govt. A review of the number of people convicted or acquitted by juries would suggest "....that the police almost never make a mistake" or, if you are unwilling to accept that, "that the Govt. has a serious advantage."

The social scientists that were involved with the recent acquittals in the US

point out that the tools at their disposal are very crude and that they cannot, and I repeat for emphasis, they CANNOT mathematically predict accurately who will vote in which manner. Rather, they are only able to suggest which direction the greatest prejudice will likely come from. According to those that occupy themselves criticizing social scientists, the methods employed are not generally much more accurate than the old "common sense" method of determining future outcomes. Social scientists also admit this. Yet, the fact remains that not a single defendant who has had the advantage of sufficient money to afford a scientifically selected jury has ever been convicted of a serious offence.

We arrive at a rather dismal conclusion: "If we accept that social science is not all that accurate, which most will even if they have but limited experience with sociologists and psychologists, then we must conclude that their contribution to the trial process was of little benefit, other than in eliminating the most obvious sources of prejudice." We also are forced to admit that justice appears to be on sale. And, regretfully, this tends to confirm the age old complaint that some people have been "railroaded". The advantages so strongly favour the Govt. in normal criminal proceedings that the defendant will be convicted irrespective of his personal innocence or guilt. Yet further, there are a substantial number of people convicted of serious criminal offences as a result of either falsified evidence (witness certain revelations regarding covert activities of the RCMP) or as a result of outright "framing". But more terrifying, and the strongest condemnation of our criminal justice system to date: there exists a great possibility that an entirely innocent person will inadvertently be found guilty. In years gone by, the public believed the cry of "railroad" was part of the convict heritage. After all, the police would not lie, even if they were guilty of almost every other conceivable crime including forgery, arson, narcotic trafficking and theft.

The average Canadian slept secure with the knowledge that corruption was purely an American phenomenon and we were free from such evil. Yet, it appears that the evil was here all along and the previous failure to detect it was a result of our failure to look. Therefore, scientific jury selection is not only possible, it has been in use in Canada for many decades. Close scrutiny reveals that the likelihood of conviction is far higher than the evidence tends to warrant. The only real problem with scientific jury selection is that it is only the Crown which has the resources to utilize it. It should be noted that juries are not representative of the population. Rather the accused faces a jury that is comprised of "peers" of the police and prosecution. The obvious bias of the jury is so visible that it almost goes without saying. The average juror in Canada has a higher than average income, a steady job, reasonable faith in the police, a belief in a Protestant God, and is between 27 and 42. What does this do for an unemployed Indian who is forced to survive on welfare? It guarantees that he will be convicted!

It can be further noted that the Govt. has a few tricks up its figurative sleeve. If a person or persons are charged with a property crime, superficial analysis will confirm that the jury will be over-represented by "property owners." In some areas of the country this type of abuse of the supposedly impartial jury system has been refined a great deal more than in others. Alberta is just such a place. If a man were to be tried for bank robbery, certain factors seem to result in the impanelled jury being overly representative of bank

employees. Further weighting occurs in the form of average-loading. This technique revolves around correctly assessing general trends. Women are more likely to convict a defendant for a violent crime than are men. This is especially true if the violence was in part provoked. Men show more appreciation for such extenuating circumstances. The Crown is in a position to see that more women are placed upon the possible jury candidate list. Examples of average-loading can be seen in court cases every day. Older people are more likely to convict defendants in narcotics cases than are younger juries. It is not uncommon for the Crown to weight the jury with respect to age factors.

And so now, amid the hue and cry that Crown attorneys the nation over have raised with regard to social scientists manipulating juries, what are we, the people who have most to gain or lose, to do? Inasmuch as it is impractical for us to rig juries, as the Crown seems to have a monopoly on this, it becomes a matter of viable alternatives. Social psychologists are very efficient in such fields as persuasion, propaganda creation, and image production. In fact, they appear to be more competent at these techniques than at predicting the possible decisions that prospective jurors make. It is both legal and possible to hire social psychologists to assist defence teams. Defendants who can afford such luxuries might concentrate on directing their efforts towards having such "university-trained" personnel use their talents in raising defendant's image, speech writing to best use the available information, and other such opinion-generating methods.

AN ADULT BEDTIME STORY



Ken Pocha

26

How many of you have heard the story of "Little Red Riding Hood?" I mean the "real story" and not the one they want you to believe is real.

Bear with me until I light one more cigarette off the end of this one.....

You see, "Little Red Riding Hood" wasn't really a little girl with a red hooded cloak - no - she was called that because

she was really a Communist who was affiliated with organized crime.

At times she worked her racket which was a prostitution ring, and when the need arose for additional financial support, she became a courier for a drug ring in the city where she plied her trade. One day, when the opportunity presented itself, "Little Red Riding Hood" was given a 'package' of goodies to deliver to a connection that lived in a forest of the north shore of "greater Vancouver".

The connection was known as 'Maw'.. "Little Red Riding Hood" knew she must hurry, for Maw was home in bed, sick, and waiting for the package of goodies to be delivered by "Little Red Riding Hood".

On the way there, three little pigs leapt onto the road, squealing in excitement, and told her to halt. Now, I know some of you will no doubt question this, thinking that it should have been a wolf but let me assure you - a wolf was something that she could handle, seeing that she was very cool when it came to wolves (as it was, after all part of her business to know how to handle all types of wolves).

She knew these weren't your "ordinary" type of pig, for they had on shiny black shoes, Amy and Davie store sport shirts,

and sports jackets.

"I'm PPPPPorker PPPig," said the first one, highly excited. "Where are you going to?"

"I'm going to see 'Maw' who lives in the forest on the North Shore, and is home in bed at this very minute, sick.." said "Little Red Riding Hood".

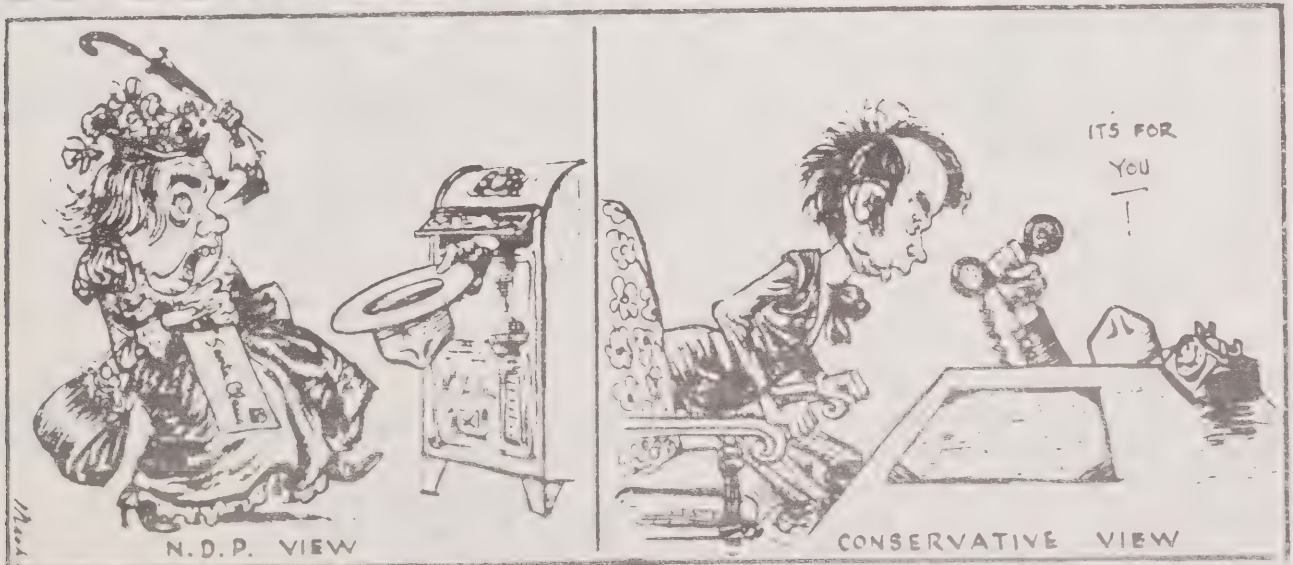
"Do you have any goodies to give Maw?" asked the second pig, whose name just happened to be PPPeter PPPig.

"Oh goodness me," thought 'Little Red Riding Hood', "they mean to take away Maw's goodies," So she lied and said she didn't have anything on her, thinking that it was good that she had had the foresight to have hidden the goodies on her person where they would not find them.

After searching her physical person, and not finding anything, they reluctantly let her go on her way, after grunting in dissatisfaction.

Now, some of you might ask how I know "that nothing was found?" Well, for one thing, it's my story, and secondly, nothing was ever written about any bust for possession - for- the- purpose in the Vancouver Sun.

A LITTLE HELP PLEASE!



ROUND & ABOUT:

Jack Lynch, a counsellor with the John Howard Society, raised a few eyebrows last year when he told the B. C. Corrections Association membership that the treatment of "violent prisoners was very easy." All that was required was "plenty of exercise." "You put guys in a cage, they're going to get frustrated and become violent. The answer is that simple." Being that it was so simple, I can not help but ask why someone else hadn't thought of that before.

VIOLENCE

POLICE

Vancouver police think that the most efficient way of dealing with street prostitution and other nuisances would be to bring back the old vagrancy laws. These, before the 1972 Criminal Code amendments, gave the police the power to arrest a woman if she was a "nightwalker...in a public place unable to give a good account of herself." Also power to arrest beggars, transients, and people without apparent means of support. This law, whatever its possible intent, was no more, no less than a law against being poor. The law put a person at risk merely for being on the street at night. The Vancouver police must have little to do if they think that people who take strolls at night are in need of arrest and detention. Must be that it is easier to get convictions on late evening strollers than real live bad guy type criminals. All in the name of efficiency.

Things are likely to get worse before they get better. Note repeated cries for longer sentences and the total abandonment of the present parole system. It looks like convicts will be "in" (and that means locked-in) during the late seventies and early eighties. The permissiveness of the last decade is being replaced by an overswing towards conservatism. Note the steady decline in the number of paroles granted.

THE UGLY

FINES



Quebec, CP: Many men and women in provincial jails are there because they are unable to pay fines. Thanks to a new process called diversion, some are no longer there. They are working off their fines by helping senior citizens, cleaning or doing other useful labor. In Saskatchewan, a poor person may choose to do such work if he can't pay the fine. The provincial government pays agencies \$10.00 per head to find suitable work for offenders. Last year alone this programme saved the Saskatchewan government more than \$1,000,000. Justice Minister Ron Basford suggested that in some ways this type of programme might be "the easy way out" and that his office would look into it more thoroughly.

LANDMARK GUN CONTROL LAWS BOGUS As a result of extensive lobbying by gun collectors and sportsmen, the new watered-down gun legislation is a fraud. It prevents nothing, it protects nothing. The sole purpose appears to be a method of retaliating after it is too late to do anyone any good. True to Canadian tradition, justice must be brutal, ineffective, and subject to hindsight rather than foresight.

GUN LAWS

Substantial changes have taken place with regard to the high echelon of the Penitentiary Service during the past month. Following the death of A. Therrien, Donald Yeoman was appointed Commissioner of Corrections. Francis Fox resigned at the end of January following the revelation that he had forged a woman's husband's name to hospital admittance records to assist her in obtaining a therapeutic abortion. He has been replaced by Jean-Jacques Blais, former Postmaster General. It may be that we, the convicts, are in for as rough a time as the letter carriers have experienced. It would seem that postal workers figure that their loss is our gain.

BIGSHOTS

WOMEN



OAKALLA FOR WOMEN, HORROR OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES: Men are not the only ones that suffer at the hands of the Canadian justice system. It was found that the women's section of Oakalla was filthy (beyond restoration), lacking in recreational facilities, offered no privacy to female prisoners (even) from male guard staff. The women at Kingston have also long complained of virtually intolerable conditions. The government admits that things are "bad" but there is a catch. Plans to build a new women's prison have been discussed for years. There are no funds available for cleaning up the old one and the plans are far from complete with regard to new prisons. So, as the years drag by, the women are left without even the basic improvements that have been taking place in the riot-torn men's prisons.

T.T.P.

See page 30.

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I.T.P. DRAMA

Institutional Theatre Productions is a registered society in the province of British Columbia. I.T.P. is located at Matsqui Institution, a federal prison in Abbotsford, where a dedication to all aspects of theatre and entertainment provides the basis for activities in the society.

Funded in 1975, I.T.P. established itself with a production of John Steinbeck's Of Mice and Men. Following performances for the institution's population and an invited audience from the lower mainland, I.T.P. transcribed and taped the Steinbeck play for television.

In its second year, I.T.P. mounted two plays by Harold Pinter, The Homecoming and The Caretaker. The significant development here was not only the critical acclaim afforded the society, but also the fact that the production of The Caretaker was produced and directed by the inmates with no help from the outside co-ordinators.

The 3rd year of theatre in the institution was highlighted by the announcement that the University of Victoria recognized the activities of I.T.P. as an accredited course leading to a degree in fine arts. Those students registered in the course will receive instruction in acting, directing, stage management, and the technical aspects of production such as lighting and sound. This new association with an educational program, however, does not exclude an individual who wishes to participate in the drama club for recreational purposes.

In September of 1977, I. T. P. and the University of Victoria presented, as a joint venture, The Tower by Peter Weiss. Again public and critical acclaim showed that I.T.P. presents a cultural service that has found an eager public.

The people of Abbotsford, Clearbrook, Aldergrove, and the surrounding area

have been the backbone of the audience. The Playhouse Acting School of Vancouver has been vital in their support by attending performances and supplying actresses whenever we needed them. Also a member from I. T. P. was invited by and performed with the Playhouse Acting School of Vancouver in their production Tango. The Community Services of Abbotsford has supplied materials and costume items which are rare as diamonds within the confines of the institution.

I.T.P. contributes more than theatre to the public. We feel that in our desire to reach out to the community, we must take the initiative to erase the stigma which blocks most efforts to contact the outside in a rational and responsible manner. Therefore, we combined our efforts with those of the Abbotsford Lions Club who spearheaded a fund raising campaign to build a Leisure Arts Centre for the surrounding area. We collected donations from audiences which attended I. T. P.'s production of The Tower and turned the entire amount, one thousand dollars, over to the Lions Club which granted it to the Arts Centre trust fund.



Further co-operation between the I.T.P. and the surrounding community will be seen in the forthcoming production of Brecht's Three Penny Opera. This production is in rehearsal now and will be presented to the public in April 1978. Funding has been provided by a Canada Council grant of five thousand dollars and the cast will include members of I.T.P. and actors and actresses from the lower mainland.

I.T.P. also receives support from inside the institution. The theatre activities have been augmented by the Inmate committee, the Hobby Shop, the Print Shop, the Video Tape Department and many, many others who share the much used theatre area. Attendance at our performances by the institution's population has been excellent and the response to actual plays and players is sufficient reward to continue the theatre programme.

HORROR- SCOPES

Personalized

AQUARIUS January 20 to February 18.

You have an inventive mind and are inclined to be progressive. You lie a great deal. On the other hand, you are inclined to be careless and impractical, causing you to make the same mistakes over and over again. People think that you are stupid.

PISCES February 19 to March 20.

You have a vivid imagination and often think that you are being followed by the R.C.M.P. You have minor influence over your associates and people resent you for flaunting your power. You lack confidence and are generally a coward. Pisces people do terrible things to small animals.

ARIES March 21 to April 19.

You are the pioneer type and hold most people in contempt. You are quick tempered, impatient, and scornful of advice. You are usually a Jack of all trades because you can't hold a job for very long. People can't stand to be near you for too long. You are not nice.

TAURUS April 20 to May 20.

You are peaceful and persistent. You have dogged determination and work hard. Most people think that you are stubborn and bull-headed. You are a Communist. Some people think you are a sucker for working so hard.

GEMINI May 21 to June 20.

You are a quick and intelligent thinker. People like you because you are bi-sexual. However, you are inclined to expect too much for too little. This means that you are cheap. Geminis are known for committing incest.

CANCER June 21 to July 22.

You are sympathetic and understanding of other's problems. They think that you are a grade "A" certified sucker. You

are always putting things off. That is why you never make anything of yourself. Most welfare recipients are Cancer people. Good luck!

LEO July 23 to August 22.

You consider yourself a born leader. Others think you are pushy. Most Leo people are bullies. You are vain and dislike criticism. Your arrogance is disgusting. Leo people steal a lot. They also run the risk of being seemingly attacked for no reason.

VIRGO August 23 to September 22.

You have a logical mind and hate disorder. This nit-picking is sickening to your few remaining friends. You are cold and unemotional and sometimes fall asleep while making love. Virgos make excellent bus-drivers.

LIBRA September 23 to October 22.

You are the artistic type and have difficulty with reality. If you are a man, you more than likely will be queer. Chances for employment and monetary gain are excellent. Most Libra women make good prostitutes. All Libra people die of venereal disease.

SCORPIO October 23 to November 21.

You are shrewd in business and cannot be trusted. You shall achieve the pinnacle of success because of your absence of business ethics. You will fail at love. You will make many enemies. You will likely be murdered.

SAGITTARIUS November 22 to December 21.

You are optimistic and enthusiastic. You have a reckless tendency to rely on luck 'cause you lack any genuine talent. The majority of Sagittarius people are drunks and dope fiends. You will have a dismal life when your luck runs out as it is bound to. People laugh at you a great deal.

CAPRICORN December 23 to January 19.

You are conservative and afraid of taking risks. You don't do much of anything and are lazy. There never has been a Capricorn that has done anything important. Capricorns should avoid standing still too long because they often take root and become trees.

The Political Machine

- selected parts thereof...

Bureaucracy, totalitarianism, the ruling body
Yes, you can...No, you can't.
If I will benefit then I will give you permission.
You may breathe only when it suits me.

"That's pretty heavy man.
Who, pray tell, are you?"

I am red-tape, censorship, the tax collector,
the policeman. I am the court, the judge,
the prosecutor, and the jury.
I am little sister, Big Brother,
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.
I am king, the queen, the peasants,
The castle and the drawbridge.

"How?"

I speak only the truth. My words are law.
My actions control whole governments.
My wisdom is infinite and my wrist limp.

I am the power and the glory,
I am the truth in every story,
I am the knowledge of the ages,
I am life in all it's stages,
I'm not evil - I'm no fraud,
Face it brother - I am God.



"That's pretty heavy. I mean, who is going to
Believe all that track you're laying down?"

Belief, my boy, is not the question.
Let me make just one suggestion.
First of all - you will comply,
When I say to do or die.
There is no room for belief in me,
And arguing your rights won't set you free,
Of things you alone cannot control.
So buck up, boy, and join the poll
Of people willing to do my deeds,
Like killing my enemies and stringing my beads.

"Never, I'll never go along with that!"

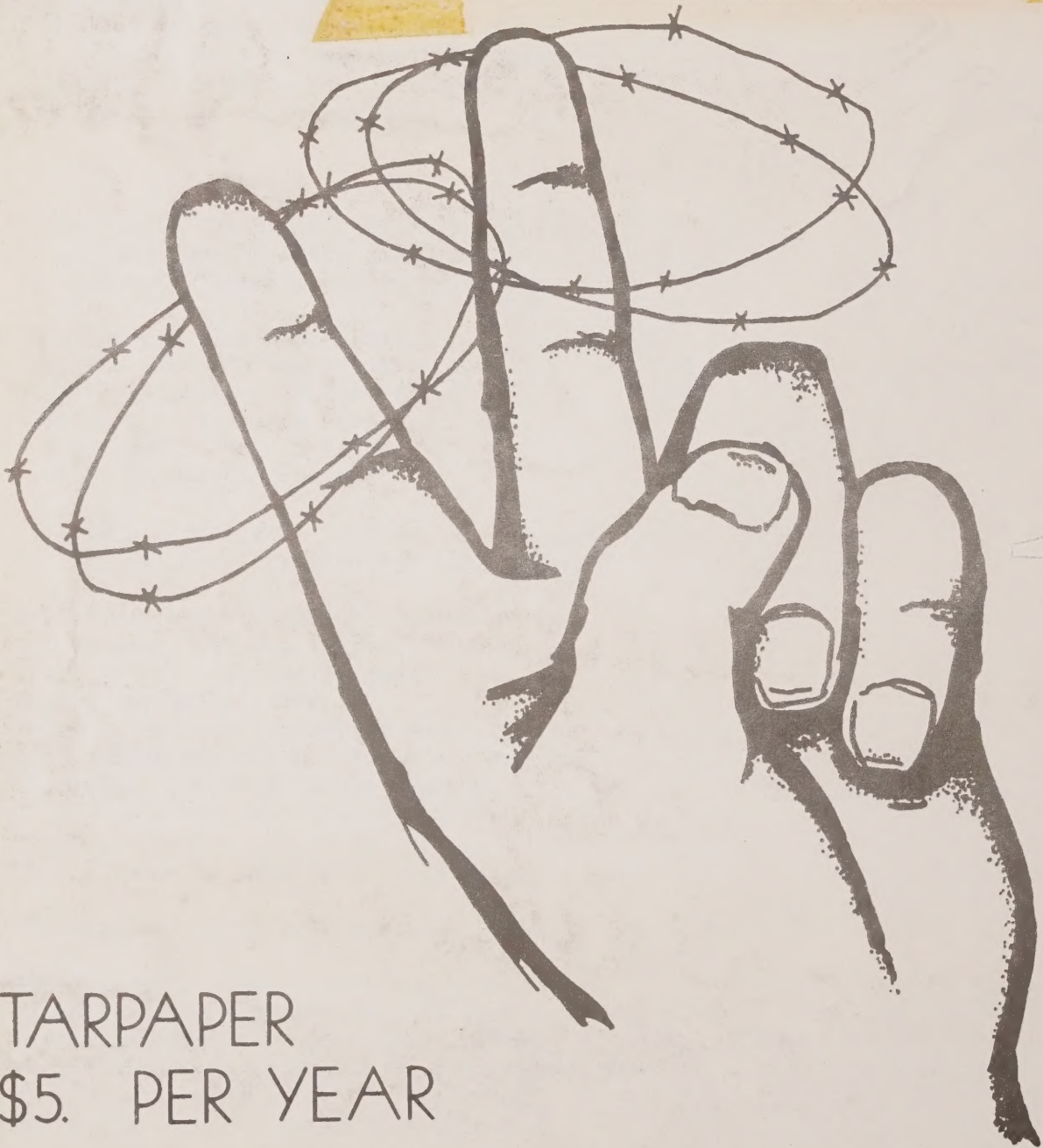
Don't speak too hasty, take a minute
To analyze the question and all that's in it.
On one hand you are not in that class,
On the other you say you want a Christmas pass.
Make up your mind, what is it to be?
Are you a convict, or are you with me?

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